

# BIG BOOK OF FAIRY TALES

ILLUSTRATED

BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ  
AND OTHER ARTISTS



M. A. Donohue & Co.  
Chicago

Copyright 1886  
by  
**JOHN D. WILLIAMS**

---

Copyright 1892  
by  
**WILLIAMS COMPANY**



## THE UGLY DUCKLING.

---

IN a sunny spot stood an old country-house, encircled by canals. Between the wall and the water's edge there grew huge burdock leaves, that had shot up to such a height that a little child might have stood upright under the tallest of them; and this spot was as wild as though it had been situated in the depths of a wood. In this snug retirement a duck was setting on her

nest to hatch her young; but she began to think it a wearisome task as the little ones seemed very backward in making their appearance: besides, she had few visitors; for the other ducks preferred swimming about in the canals, instead of being at the trouble of climbing up the slope, and then sitting under a burdock leaf to gossip with her.

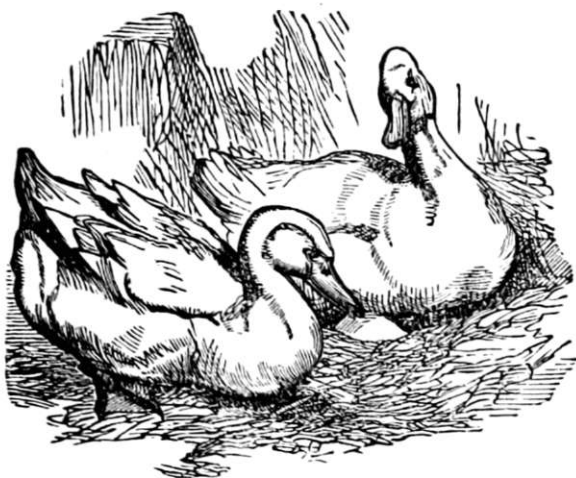


At length one egg cracked, and then another. "Peep! peep!" cried they, as each yolk became a live thing, and popped out its head.

"Quack! quack!" said the mother, and they tried to cackle like her, while they looked all about them under the green leaves; and she allowed them to look to their heart's content, because green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is, to be sure!" said the young ones. And truly enough, they had rather more room than when they were still in the egg-shell.





"Do you fancy this is the whole world?" cried the mother. "Why, it reaches far away beyond the other side of the garden, down to the parson's field; though I never went to such a distance as that!" But are you all there?" continued she, rising. "No, faith! you are not; for there still lies the largest egg. I wonder how long this business is to last—I really begin to grow quite tired of it!" And she sat down once more.

"Well, how are you getting on?" inquired an old duck, who came to pay her a visit.

"This egg takes a deal of hatching," answered the sitting duck, "it won't break; but just look at the others, are they not the prettiest ducklings ever seen? They are the image of their father, who, by-the-bye, does not trouble himself to come and see me."

"Let me look at the egg that won't break," quoth the old



duck. "Take my word for it, it must be a guinea-fowl's egg. I was once deceived in the same way, and I bestowed a deal of care and anxiety on the youngsters, for they are afraid of water. I could not make them take to it. I stormed and raved, but it was of no use. Let's see the egg. Sure enough, it is a guinea-fowl's egg. Leave it alone, and set about teaching the other children to swim."

"I'll just sit upon it a bit longer," said the duck; "for since I have sat so long, a few days more won't make much odds."

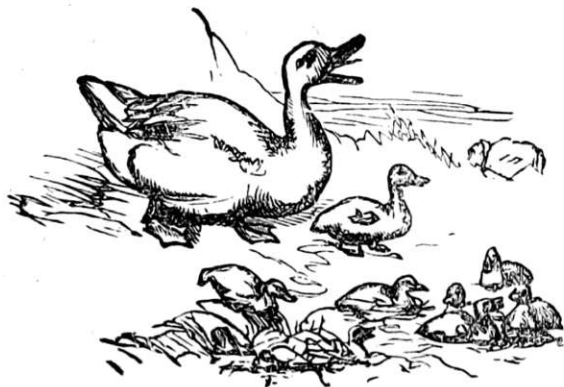
"Please yourself," said the old duck, as she went away.

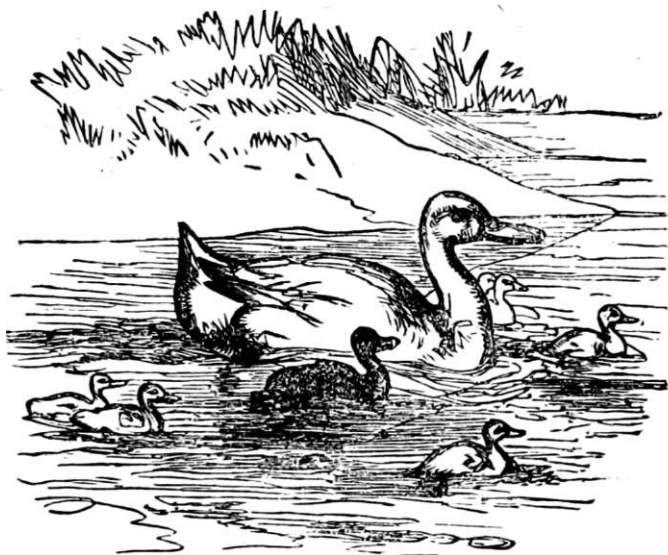
At length the large egg cracked. "Peep! peep!" squeaked the youngster, as he crept out. How big and ugly he was to be sure! The duck looked at him, saying, "Really this is a most enormous duckling! None of the others are like him. I wonder whether he is a guinea-chick after all? Well, we shall soon see

when we go down to the water ; for in he shall go, though I push him in myself."

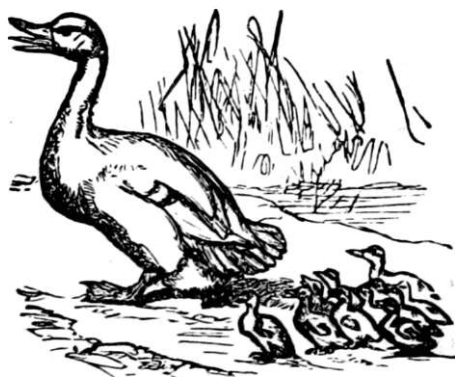
On the following morning the weather was most delightful, and the sun was shining brightly on the green burdock leaves. The mother duck took her young brood down to the canal. Splash into the water she went. "Quack ! quack !" cried she, and forthwith one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads for a moment ; but they soon rose to the surface again, and swam about so nicely, just as if their legs

paddled them about of their own accord ; and they had all taken to the water ; even the ugly, gray-coated youngster swam about with the rest.





"Nay, he is no guinea-chick," said she, "only look how capittally he uses his legs, and how steady he keeps himself; he's every inch my own child! And really he's very pretty when one comes to look at him attentively. Quack! quack!" added she,



"now come along and I'll take you into high society, and introduce you to the duck-yard; but mind you keep



close to me, that nobody may tread upon you; and, above all, beware of the cat."

They now reached the farm-yard, where there was a great hubbub. Two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, in the end, was carried off by the cat.

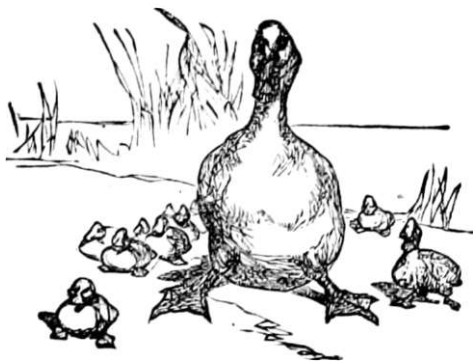
"See, children, that's the way with the world!" remarked the mother of the ducklings, licking her beak, for she would have been very glad to have had the eel's head for herself. "Now, move on!" said she, "and mind you cackle properly, and bow your head before that old duck yonder; she is the noblest born of them all, and is of Spanish descent, and that's why she is



## THE UGLY DUCKLING.



so dignified; and look! she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is the greatest mark of distinction that can be bestowed upon a duck, as it shows an anxiety not to lose her, and that she should be recognized by both man and beast. Now cackle—and don't turn in your toes; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, like papa and mamma, in this sort of way. Now bend your neck, and say, 'Quack!'



The ducklings did as they were bid; but the other ducks, after looking at them, only said aloud: "Now look! there comes another set, as if we were not numerous enough already. And bless me! what a queer-looking chap one of the ducklings is to be sure—we can't put up with him!" And one of the throng darted forward, and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother, "he did no harm to any one."

"No; but he is too big and uncouth," said the biting duck. "and therefore he wants a thrashing."

"Mamma has a sweet little family," said the old duck, with the red rag about her leg; "they are all pretty except one, who is rather ill-favored. I wish mamma could polish him a bit."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible, your grace," said the mother of the ducklings. "It's true, he is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well, or perhaps better than all the others put together. However, he may grow prettier, and perhaps become smaller; he remained too long in

the egg-shell, and therefore his figure is not properly formed." And with this she smoothed down the ruffled feathers of his neck, adding, "At all events, as he is a male duck, it won't matter so much. I think he'll prove strong, and be able to fight his way through the world."

"The other ducklings are elegant little creatures," said the old duck. "Now, make yourself at home; and if you should happen to find an eel's head, you can bring it to me."

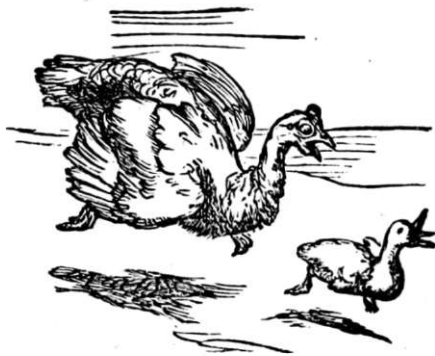
And so the family made themselves comfortable.

But the poor duckling who had been the last to creep out of his egg-shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made game of, not only by the ducks, but by the hens. They all declared he was much too big; and a guinea-fowl who fancied himself at least an emperor, because he had come into the world with spurs, now puffed himself up like a vessel in full sail and flew at the Duckling, and blustered till his head turned completely red, so that the poor little thing did not know where he could walk or stand, and was quite grieved at being so ugly that the whole farm-yard scouted him.





Nor did matters mend the next day, or the following ones, but rather grew worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted down by everybody. Even his sisters were so unkind to him, that they were continually saying, "I wish the cat would run away with you, you ugly creature!" while his mother added, "I wish you had never been born!" And the ducks pecked at him, the



hens struck him, and the girl who fed the poultry used to kick him.

So he ran away, and flew over the palings. The little birds in the bushes were startled, and took wing. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the Duckling, as he closed his eyes in despair, but presently he roused up again, and ran on further till he came to a large marsh inhabited by wild ducks. Here he spent the whole night—and tired and sorrowful enough he was.

On the following morning, when the wild ducks rose and saw

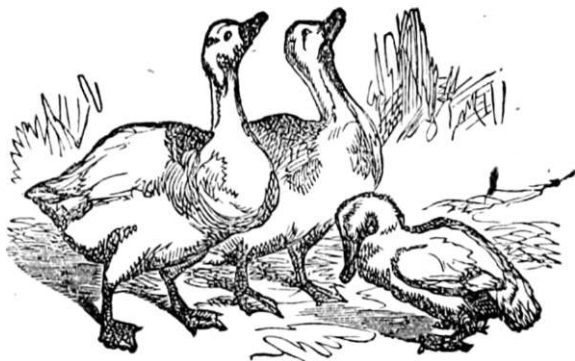


their new comrade, they said, "What sort of a creature are you?" Upon which the duckling greeted them all round as civilly as he knew how.

- \* "You are remarkably ugly," observed the ducks; "but we don't care about that so long as you do not want to marry into our family." Poor forlorn creature! He had truly no such thoughts in his

head. All he wanted was to obtain leave to lie among the rushes, and drink a little of the marsh water.

He remained there for two whole days, at the end of which there came two wild geese, or, more properly speaking, goslings, who were only just out of the egg-shell and consequently very pert.



"I say, friend," quoth they, "you are so ug'y, that we should have no objection to take you with us for a travelling companion. In the neighboring marsh there dwell some sweetly pretty female geese, all of them unmarried, and who cackle most charmingly. Perhaps you may have a chance to pick up a wife amongst them, ugly as you are."

Pop! pop! sounded through the air, and the two wild goslings fell dead amongst the rushes, while the water turned as red as blood. Pop! pop! again echoed around, and whole flocks of

wild geese flew up from the rushes. Again and again the same alarming noise was heard. It was a shooting party, and the sportsmen surrounded the whole marsh, while others had climbed into the branches of the trees that overshadowed the rushes. A blue mist rose in clouds and mingled with the green leaves, and sailed far away across the water; a pack of ducks next flounced into the marsh. Splash, splash they went, while the reeds and



rushes bent beneath them on all sides. What a fright they occasioned the poor Duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, when lo! a tremendous looking dog, with his tongue lolling out, and his eyes glaring fearfully, stood right before him, opening his jaws and showing his sharp teeth as though



he would gobble up the poor Duckling at a mouthful!—but splash! splash! on he went without touching him.

“Thank goodness!” sighed the Duckling, “I am so ugly that even a dog won’t bite me.”

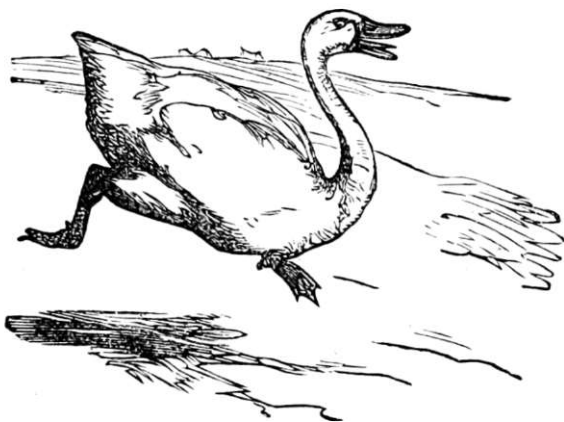
And he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and pop after pop echoed through the air.



It was not till late in the day that all became quiet, but the poor youngster did not yet venture to rise, but waited several hours before he looked about him, and then hastened out of the marsh as fast as he could go. He ran across fields and meadows, till there arose such a storm that he could scarcely get on at all.



Towards evening he reached a wretched little cottage, that was in such a tumble-down condition, that if it remained standing at all, it could only be from not yet having made up its mind on which side it should fall first. The tempest was now raging to such a height that the Duckling was forced to sit down to stem the wind, when he perceived that the door hung so loosely on one of its hinges, that he could slip into the room through the crack, which he accordingly did.



The inmates of the cottage were, a woman, a tom-cat, and a hen. The tom-cat, whom she called her darling, could raise his back and purr; and he could even throw out sparks, provided he was stroked against the grain. The hen had small, short legs, for which reason she was called Henny Shortlegs; she laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child.



Next morning they perceived the little stranger, when the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What's that?" said the woman, looking round. Not seeing very distinctly, she mistook the Duckling for a fat duck that had lost its way. "Why, this is quite a prize!" added she; "I can now get duck's eggs, unless indeed it be a male! We must wait a bit and see."

So the Duckling was kept on trial for three weeks; but no eggs were forthcoming. The tom-cat and the hen were the master and mistress of the house, and always said, "we and the world"—for they fancied themselves to be the half, and by far the best half too, of the whole universe. The Duckling thought there might be two opinions on this point; but the hen would not admit of any such doubts,





"Can you lay eggs?" asked she.

"No."

"Then have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the tom-cat inquired: "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you have no business to have any opinion at all, when rational people are talking."

The Duckling sat in a corner very much out of spirits, when in came the fresh air and sunshine, which gave him such a strange longing to swim on the water, that he could not help saying so to the hen.

"What's this whim?" said she; "That comes of being idle. If you could either lay eggs or purr, you would not indulge in such fancies."

"But it is so delightful to swim about on the water!" observed the Duckling, "and to feel it close over one's head when one dives down to the bottom."

"A great pleasure, indeed!" quoth the hen. "You must be crazy, surely! Only ask the cat—for he is the wisest creature I know—how he would like to swim on the water or to dive under it. To say nothing of myself, just ask our old mistress who is wiser than anybody in the world whether she'd relish swimming and feeling the waters close above her head."

"You can't understand me!" said the Duckling.

"We can't understand you? I should like to know who could. You don't suppose you are wiser than the tom-cat and our mistress—to say nothing of myself? Don't take these idle fancies into your head, child. I say disagreeable things, which is a mark of true friendship. Now, look to it, and mind that you either lay eggs, or learn to purr and emit sparks."

"I think I'll take my chance, and go abroad into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Do," said the hen.

And the Duckling went forth, and swam on the water, and dived beneath its surface; but he was slighted by all other animals, on account of his ugliness.

Autumn had now set in. The leaves of the forest had turned first yellow, and then brown; and the wind caught them up, and made them dance about. It began to be very cold, and the clouds

looked heavy with hail and flakes of snow; while the raven sat on a hedge, crying "Caw! caw!" from sheer cold; and one began to shiver, if one merely thought about it. One evening, just as the sun was setting, there came a whole flock of beautiful large birds from a large grove. The Duckling had never seen any so lovely before. They were dazzlingly white, with long, graceful necks; they were swans. They uttered a peculiar cry, and then spread their magnificent wings, and away they flew from the cold country, to warmer lands across the open sea. They rose so high that the Ugly Duckling felt a strange sensation come over him. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck up into the air towards them, and uttered so loud and strange a cry that he was frightened at it himself. Oh! never could he again forget those beautiful, happy birds; and when they were quite out of sight, he dived down to the bottom of the water, and when he

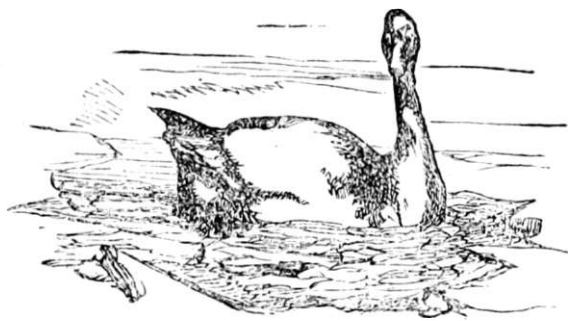




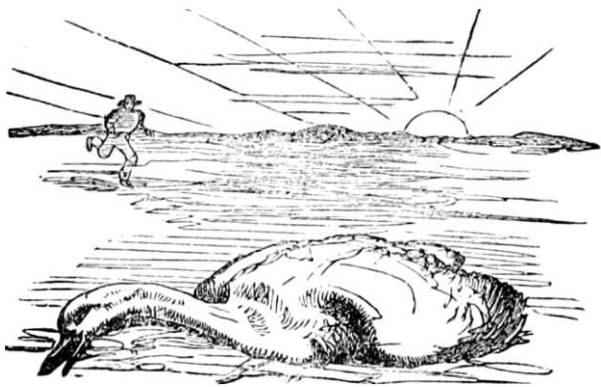
once more rose to the surface, he was half beside himself. He knew not how these birds were called, nor whither they were bound; but he felt an affection for them, such as he had never yet experienced for any living creature. Nor did he even presume to envy them; for how could it ever have entered his head to wish himself endowed with their loveliness? He would have been glad



enough if the ducks had merely suffered him to remain among them—poor ugly animal that he was !



And winter proved so very, very cold ! The Duckling was obliged to keep swimming about, for fear the water should freeze entirely ; but every night, the hole in which he swam grew smaller and smaller. It now froze so hard, that the surface of the ice cracked again ; yet the Duckling still paddled about, to prevent



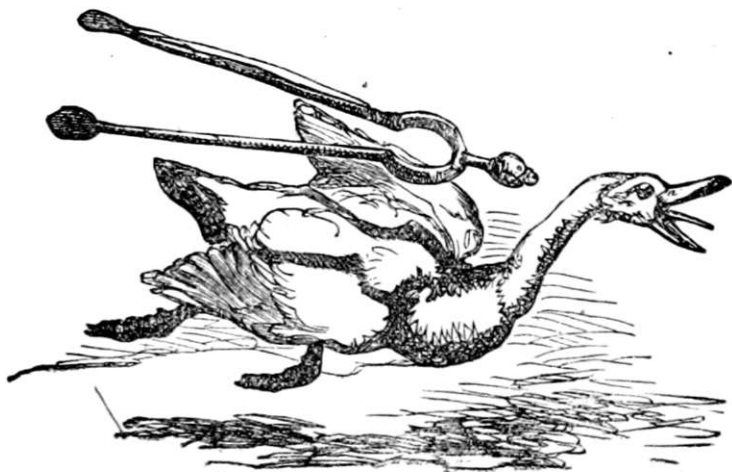
the hole from closing up. At last he was so exhausted, that he lay insensible, and became ice-bound.

Early next morning, a peasant came by, and seeing what had

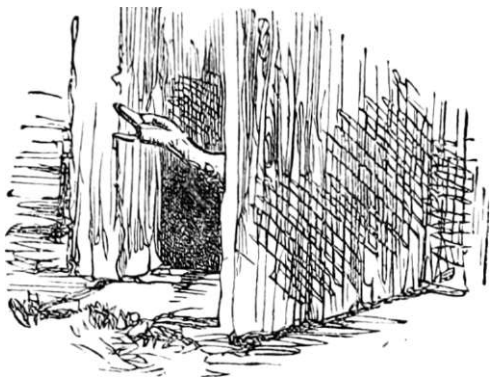
taken place, broke the ice to pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the Duckling home to his wife; so the little creature was revived once more.



The children wished to play with him; but the Duckling thought they meant to hurt him, and in his fright he bounced right into a bowl of milk, that was spirted all over the room. The woman clapped her hands, which only frightened him still more, and drove



him first into the butter-tub, then down into the meal-tub, and out again. What a scene then ensued! The woman screamed, and



flung the tongs at him; the children tumbled over each other in their endeavors to catch the Duckling, and laughed and shrieked. Fortunately, the door stood open, and he slipped through, and then over the fagots, into the newly-fallen snow, where he lay quite exhausted.





But it would be too painful to tell of all the privations and misery that the Duckling endured during the hard winter. He was laying in a marsh, amongst the reeds, when the sun again began to shine. The larks were singing, and the spring had set in, in all its beauty.

The Duckling now felt able to flap his wings. They rustled much louder than before, and bore him away most sturdily; and before he was well aware of it, he found himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elder was steeping its long, drooping branches in the waters of a winding canal. Three magnificent white swans now emerged from the thicket before him; they flapped their wings, and then swam lightly on the surface of the water.

“I will fly towards these royal birds—and they will strike me dead for daring to approach them, so ugly as I am! But it matters not. Better to be killed by them, than to be pecked at by the

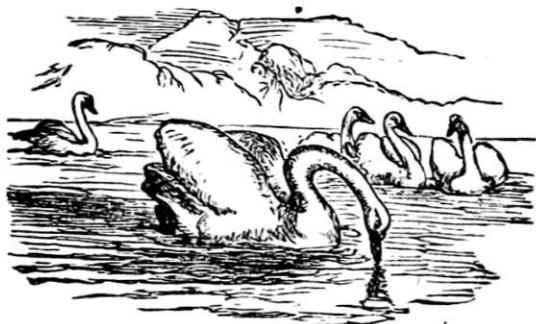


ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the girl that feeds the poultry, and to suffer want in the winter." And he flew into the water, and swam towards these splendid swans, who rushed to meet him with rustling wings the moment they saw him. "Do but kill me!" said the poor animal, as he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited his doom. But what did he see in the clear stream? Why, his own image, which was no longer that of a heavy-looking dark gray bird, ugly and ill-favored, but of a beautiful Swan!

It matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan's egg!

Some little children now came into the garden, and threw bread-crumbs and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" The other children clapped their hands, and flew to their father and mother, and, all said: "The new one is the prettiest."

He then felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He was more than happy, yet none the prouder; for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been pursued and made game of; and now he heard everybody say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. He flapped his wings, and raised his slender neck, as he cried, in the fulness of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness while I was an Ugly Duckling."



## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

A LONG time ago there lived a king and queen, who were very sad because they had no children. At last the

queen had a little daughter, and the king was so delighted that he gave a grand christening feast; it was so grand that the like of it was never known.

He invited all the fairies in the land—there were seven of them—to stand godmothers to the little princess, hoping that each would bestow upon her some good gift, as used to be the custom of fairies in those days.

After the ceremony, all the guests went back to the palace, where there was set before each fairy godmother a magnificent gold-covered dish, with an embroidered table-napkin, and a knife and fork of pure gold, all covered over with diamonds and rubies. But, alas! as they sat down at table, in came an old fairy who had never been invited, because, fifty years before, she had left the king's dominions, and had never since been heard of. The king





THE PRINCESS AND THE FAIRY.

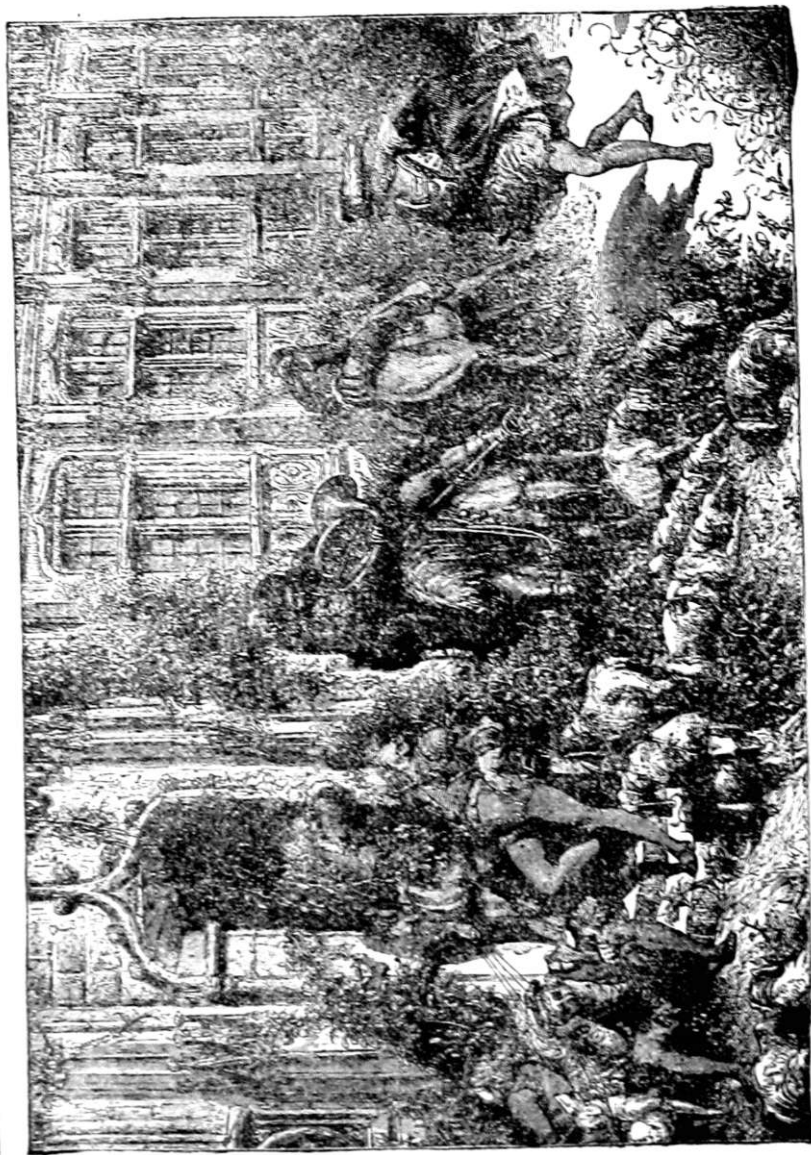
was much put out when he saw her. At once he ordered a cover to be placed for her, but, unluckily, it was only of common earthenware, for he had ordered from his jeweller just seven gold dishes for the seven fairies who had been asked to the christening. The elder fairy felt herself slighted, and muttered angry threats between her teeth. These were overheard by one of the younger fairies, who happened to sit next her. This good godmother, afraid of harm coming to the pretty child, ran and hid herself behind the tapestry in the hall. She did this in order that she might speak last; so that if the spiteful fairy gave any ill gift to the child, she might be able to counteract it.

The six now gave their good gifts, and they were the best that could be thought of. Then the old fairy's turn came. Shaking her head spitefully, she said that when the child grew up to be a young lady, she would prick her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. When they heard this all shuddered, and some began to weep. As for the king and queen they were almost out of their wits with grief. And now the wise young fairy appeared from behind the tapestry, and said, cheerfully, "You may keep up your spirits; the princess will not die. I have not the power to undo completely the mischief worked by an older fairy; I cannot prevent the princess pricking her finger: but, instead of dying, she will only fall into a sleep, that will last a hundred years. At the end of that time, a king's son will come and waken her, and the two will be married and live happily ever after." Immediately all the fairies vanished.

The king, in the hope of preventing the threatened misfortune, issued an edict, forbidding all persons to spin. But it was in vain. One day, when she was just fifteen years of age, the king and queen left the princess alone in one of their palaces. She was wandering about when she came to a ruined tower; she climbed to the top, and there found an old woman—so deaf that she had

never heard of the king's edict—and she was busy spinning with a distaff. "What are you doing, good old woman?" cried the princess in her ear. "I am spinning, my pretty child." Oh, what fun that must be! Let me try if I can spin too." She had no sooner taken up the spindle than she handled it so carelessly that the point pricked her finger. She fainted away at once, and dropped down silently on the floor. The poor frightened old woman cried, "Help, help!" and soon the ladies-in-waiting came to see what was the matter. They tried every means to restore their young mistress, but nothing would do. She lay with the color still in her face and her breath going and coming softly, but her eyes were fast closed. When the king and queen came home and saw her sleeping so, they knew regret was idle—all had come about just as the cruel fairy had said. But they also knew that their daughter was not sleeping forever: they knew that she would waken after a hundred years, though it was not likely either of them would be living then to see her. Until that happy hour should arrive, they determined to leave her in repose; so they laid the sweet princess on the handsomest embroidered bed in the handsomest room in the handsomest of all their palaces. There she slept, and looked for all the world like a sleeping angel.

When this accident happened, the good young fairy who had saved the princess by changing her sleep of death into a sleep of a hundred years was twelve thousand miles away. But she knew everything and soon arrived in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The king went to the door of his palace, looking very sad, and gave her his hand to alight. The fairy condoled with him and approved of all that he had done.—Then, as she was a very sensible and prudent fairy, she suggested that the princess, when she awoke, might be a good deal put about—especially with a young prince by her side—at finding herself alone in a large palace. So, without asking any one's leave, she took her magic



THE SLEEPING COURTIER AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PALACE.



wand and touched everybody in the palace, except the king and queen. She ended with touching the little fat lap-dog, who had laid himself down beside his mistress on her splendid bed. He and all the rest fell asleep in a moment. The very spits that were before the kitchen fire ceased turning, and the fire went out, and every thing became as silent as if it were the middle of the night. The king and queen, having kissed their sleeping daughter, left the palace, and in quarter of an hour there sprang up about it a great wood, so thick and thorny that neither beast nor man could go through it. Above this dense forest could only be seen the top of the high tower where the lovely princess slept.

A great many changes happened in the hundred years. The king and the queen died, and the throne passed to another royal family, and the story of the poor princess was almost quite forgotten. When the hundred years were at an end, the son of the reigning king was one day out hunting. He was stopped in the chase by the thick wood, and asked what wood it was, and what the tower was that he saw above the tops of the trees. At first no one could answer him, but an old peasant was found, who said that his father had been told by his grandfather that in this tower was a beautiful princess, who was doomed to sleep there for a hundred years, till awakened by a king's son, whose bride she was destined to become. When he heard this, the young prince determined to find out the truth for himself. He leaped from his horse, and began to force his way through the wood. Wonderful to relate, the stiff branches and the thorns and the brambles all gave way to let him pass; and when he had passed they closed behind, allowing none of those with him to follow. The prince went boldly on alone. The first thing he saw was enough to frighten any one. Bodies of men and horses lay stretched on the ground, and the silence was truly awful. Soon, however, he noticed that the men's faces were not as white as death, but had



“A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LAY ASLEEP ON AN EMBROIDERED BED.”



the color of health, and that beside them were glasses half-filled with wine, showing that they had gone to sleep drinking. He passed then through a large court, paved with marble, where rows of guards stood presenting arms, but they were as still as if cut out of stone; then he passed through many rooms, where gentlemen and ladies, all in old-fashioned dresses, were sound asleep, some standing, some sitting. At last the astonished prince came to an inner-room, and there was the fairest sight he ever saw. A beautiful girl lay asleep on an embroidered bed, and she looked as if she had only just closed her eyes. The prince went up to her and knelt down beside her, and I am not sure but he kissed the lovely princess. The end of the enchantment had now come; the princess wakened at once, and, looking at him with the sweetest look, said, "It is you, my prince? What a long time I have waited for you!" Charmed with these words, still and more with the way in which they were said, the prince told her that he loved her already more than his life. "And I love you quite as much," said she. "How often have I dreamed about you during the last hundred years." For a long time they sat talking and it seemed as if they never could have said enough.

In the meantime all the attendants, whose enchantment was also broken, not being in love like their mistress, felt very hungry. The lady-in waiting, out of all patience, ventured to tell the princess that dinner was served. Then the prince handed his beloved princess to the great hall. She did not wait to dress for dinner, being already perfectly and magnificently attired. Her lover had the politeness not to notice that her dress was so long behind the age that she appeared exactly like a portrait he had seen of his own grandmother. What did it matter?—she was so beautiful. During dinner there was a concert by the attendant musicians, and, though they had not played for a century, their music was exceedingly good. They ended with a wedding march,



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT DINNER.

for that very evening the prince and princess were married. The bride, of course, was nearly a hundred years older than the bridegroom, but she looked really quite as young. The prince carried the princess to court, and in time the two ascended the throne, and they lived so long and happily together, that we may wish all people were like them.

---

## SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

THERE was once a poor widow, who lived in a little cottage, and in front of the cottage was a garden, where stood two little rose-trees; one bore white roses and the other red. The widow had two daughters, who were like the two rose-trees; one was called Snow-white, and the other was called Rose-red. They were two of the best children that ever lived; but Snow-white was more quiet and gentle than Rose-red. And they loved each other dearly.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to see it. In the summer, Rose-red looked after the house, and every morning she gathered a nosegay for her mother; and in the nosegay she put a rose off each tree. In winter, Snow-white lighted the fire and hung the kettle on the hook; and when it was evening and the snow was falling, the mother said, "Snow-white, go and bolt the door!" and then the two little girls sat down on the hearth, and the mother took her spectacles, and read aloud out of a great book, and Snow-white and Rose-red spun. Near them lay a lamb on the floor and behind them, on a perch, a white dove sat with its head under its wing.

One evening, as they were sitting thus together, they heard a loud knocking. The mother said, "Quick, Rose-red, open the door! perhaps it is a traveller looking for shelter." Rose-red went and pushed the bolt back, thinking to see some poor man, but there stood a bear, and he poked in his thick black head. Rose-red gave a little scream, the little lamb bleated, the little dove fluttered about, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak, and said, "Don't be afraid; I will do you no harm; I am half frozen, and only want to warm myself a little." "Poor bear!" said the mother, "lie down before the fire, only take care not to burn your fur." Then she called out, "Come here, Snow-white and Rose-red; the bear will not hurt you; he seems a gentle bear." They both approached, and soon they and the lamb and the dove ceased to be afraid; indeed, they all became quite friendly, and the children played tricks with the bear. They pulled his fur, set their feet on his back, and rolled him here and there, or took a hazel-rod and beat him, and when he growled, they laughed. The bear was very much pleased with this frolic, only, when they became too mischievous, he called out,

"Little Snow-white and little Rose-red,  
Don't be so rough or soon I'll be dead."

When bed-time came, the mother said to the bear, "You can just lie there on the hearth, and you will be sheltered from the bad weather." At daybreak, the two children led him out, and he trotted over the snow into the wood. The bear came every evening afterwards, at the same hour; and the two girls became so used to him, that the door was never bolted until the black bear had arrived.

At last it was spring, and everything out of doors was green. The bear then said one morning to Snow-white, "Now I must

go away, and may not come again the whole summer." "Where are you going, dear Bear?" asked Snow-white. "Into the wood to guard my treasures from the bad dwarfs. In winter, when the ground is hard, they have to keep in their holes, and cannot work their way through; but now that the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they come out and steal all they can." Snow-white was quite sad at his going away. As she opened the door for him, and the bear ran out, the hook of the door caught him, and a piece of his skin was torn off: it seemed to Snow-white as if, through the hole in his coat, she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not sure. The bear ran quickly away, and soon was out of sight behind the trees.

Some time after, the mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks. Within the wood they found a large tree which had been blown over, and lay on the grass, and beside the trunk something was jumping up and down. At first they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer, they saw it was a dwarf, with an old withered face, and a beard as white as snow and about a yard long. The end of the beard was stuck fast in a cleft in the tree, and the little fellow was jumping about like a dog tied to a chain, and he did not know how to get free. He glared at the girls with his red fiery eyes, and screamed out, "Why are you standing there like a couple of posts? Can't you come and help me?" "What is the matter with you little man?" asked Rose-red. "Stupid little goose!" answered the dwarf: "I wanted to chop the tree, so as to have some small pieces of wood for the kitchen, and had driven the wedge well in, and all was going smoothly, when out sprang the wedge and the tree closed up so quickly that I could not pull my beautiful beard out: now here it sticks, and I can't get away. There, don't laugh, you foolish milk-faced things. Can't you make yourselves of use?" The children did their best, but they could not pull the beard

out; it stuck too fast. "I shall run and fetch help!" cried Rose-red. "You great sheep's head!" snarled the dwarf, "what do you want to call more people for? you are two too many for me already. Can't you think of anything else?" "Don't be impatient,"



said Snow-white, "I have thought of something." She took her little scissors out of her pocket, and cut the end of the beard off. As soon as the dwarf was free, he snatched up a sack filled with gold that was sticking between the roots of the tree, and threw it

over his shoulder, growling and crying, "You stupid people, to cut a piece off my beautiful beard! bad luck to you!" and he marched off without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards, Snow-white and Rose-red went to fish. As they came to the pond they saw something like a great grasshopper jumping about on the bank, as if it were going spring into the water. They ran up, and saw that it was the dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-red. "You don't want to go into the water!" "I am not quite such a fool as that!" cried the dwarf. "Don't you see a fish wants to pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unfortunately the wind had entangled the line with his beard. So when a great fish bit at his hook, the weak creature could not pull him out, and the fish was pulling the dwarf into the water. He caught hold of all the reeds and rushes, but that did not help him much. The fish pulled him wherever it liked, and he must have soon been drawn into the pond. The girls came just at the right moment: they held him fast, and tried to get his beard loose from the line, but both were too closely entangled for that. There was nothing for it but to pull out the scissors and cut off another piece of the beard. When the dwarf saw that, he cried out, "You silly geese! what need is there to disfigure one's face so? You cut my beard once before, and nothing will please you but you must cut it again. I dare not be seen by my people. I wish you had run the soles of your feet off before you came here." He then took up a sack of pearls that lay among the rushes, and disappeared behind a stone.

Soon after, the mother sent the two girls to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, lace and ribbons. The road passed over a heath, on which great masses of rock lay scattered about. There they saw a large bird in the air, and it settled down by a rock not far distant. Immediately they heard a piercing shriek. They ran up, and saw with horror that the eagle had caught their old

acquaintance the dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children instantly seized hold of the little man, and held him, and the eagle at last let go his prey. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he cried out in his shrill voice, "Could you not have held me more gently? You have torn my fine brown coat all to tatters, awkward clumsy rubbish that you are!" Then he took up a sack of precious stones, and slipped away behind the rock into his den. Snow-white and Rose-red, who were used to his ingratitude, went on their way, and bought what their mother wanted in the town. As they were returning home over the same heath, they surprised the dwarf, who had emptied his sack of precious stones on a little clean place, thinking that no one was likely to come that way. The sun shone on the glittering stones; and they looked so beautiful that the children could not help standing still to admire them. "What are you standing there gaping for?" cried the dwarf, his face turning red with rage. With these cross words he was going away, when a loud roaring was heard, and a black bear trotted out of the woods towards them. The dwarf sprang up, terrified, but he could not get to his den in time. The bear overtook him. Then he called out, "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me, and I will give you all my treasures! Give me my life! for what do you want with a poor thin little fellow like me? You would scarcely feel me between your teeth. Rather take those two wicked girls; they will be nice morsels for you, as fat as young quails: eat them, but spare me!" The bear never troubled himself to answer. He gave the malicious creature a single stroke with his paw, and he never moved again. The girls had run away, but the bear called after them, "Snow-white and Rose-red, don't be afraid; wait a minute, and I will go with you." They knew the voice of their old friend, and stood still. The bear came up to them and off fell his skin, and he stood up before them a handsome young man, dressed all in





THE DWARF'S DEATH.

gold. "I am a king's son," said he; "I was changed into a wild bear by the wicked dwarf, who had stolen all my treasures, and was forced to run about in the wood till I should be released by his death. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment." They all went home together to the widow's cottage, and Snow-white was married to the prince, and Rose-red to his brother. And they divided among them the great treasures which the dwarf had amassed. The old mother lived for many years happily with her children; and when she left her cottage for the palace, she took the two Rose-trees with her, and they were planted before her window, and bore every year the most beautiful white and red roses.

---

### THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear, another was a Middle-sized Bear, and the third was a Great Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear, and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit on: a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear, a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear, and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear, a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear, and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling. And while they were walking,



THE THREE BEARS TAKING A WALK.

a little girl named Silver-hair, came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, so little Silver-hair easily got in, and she was well pleased when she saw the porridge on the table.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and then she went to the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her; and then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her; and then she sat down in the chair of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went up-stairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, but that was too high at the head for her; and next she lay upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down upon the bed of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough gruff voice.

And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.



"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle Bear in his mid<sup>d</sup>le voice.

Then the Little Small Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.



*"Somebody has been at my porridge and has eaten it all up!"*  
said the Little Small Wee Bear in his little small wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house and had eaten up the Little Small Wee Bear's breakfast,



began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear,



"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!*" said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little small wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought that they should make further search; so they went up-stairs into their bed-chamber.

Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

And when the Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"*Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!*" said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little small wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great rough gruff voice of the Great Huge Bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little small wee voice of the Little Small





LITTLE SILVER-HAIR RUNNING AWAY.

Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it awakened her at once. Up she started, and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open—out little Silver-hair jumped, and away she ran into the woods, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.



**CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.**



THERE was once an honest gentleman, who married a second time. His second wife was a widow, and the proudest and most disagreeable woman in the whole country. She had two daughters who were in everything exactly like herself. The gentleman had one little girl, and she was as sweet a child as ever lived. The stepmother had not been married a single day before she became jealous of the good qualities of the little girl who was so great A



CINDERELLA SITTING IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

contrast to her own two daughters, and what did she do but give her all the hard work of the house to look after? But our poor little damsel never complained; indeed, she did not dare to speak about her ill-treatment to her father, who thought his new wife was perfection itself.

When her work was done she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the ashes, and from this the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*. But Cinderella, though she was shabbily clad, was handsomer and far worthier than they, with all their fine clothes.

Now it happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he asked all the rank and fashion of the city, and the two elder sisters were included in the list of invitations. They were very proud at being asked, and took great pains in settling what they should wear. For days together they talked of nothing but their clothes.

"I," said the elder, "shall put on my red velvet gown with my point-lace trimmings." "And I," said the younger, "shall have my ordinary silk petticoat, but I shall set it off with an upper skirt of flowered brocade, and I shall put on my circlet of diamonds, which is a great deal finer than anything of yours." Here the two sisters began to dispute which had the best things, and words ran high. Cinderella did what she could to make peace. She even kindly offered to dress them herself, and especially to arrange their hair, and that she could do most beautifully. The important evening came at last, and she did her best to adorn the two young ladies. When she was combing out the hair of the elder one, that ill-natured girl said, "Cinderella, don't you wish you were going to the ball?" "Ah, madam," replied Cinderella—and they always made her say madam—"you are only making a fool of me; I have no such good fortune." "True enough," said the elder sister; "people would only laugh to see a little cinder-girl at a ball."



"HER GODMOTHER TOOK THE PUMPKIN AND SCOOPED OUT  
ALL THE INSIDE."

Any other than Cinderella would not have taken such pains with these two proud girls, but she was good, and dressed them very becomingly. The carriage came to the door. Cinderella watched them go into it, and saw them whirl away in grand style; then she sat down by the kitchen fire and cried. Immediately her godmother who was a fairy appeared beside her. "What are you crying for my little maid?"

"Oh, I should so like—I should so like—" her sobs stopped her. "You should so like to go to the ball—isn't that it?" Cinderella nodded. "Well, then, be a good girl, and you shall go. Run into the garden, and bring me the biggest pumpkin you can see." Cinderella could not understand what a big pumpkin had to do with her going to the ball; but she was obedient and obliging, so she went. Her godmother took the pumpkin, scooped out all the inside, and then struck it with her wand. It became a splendid gilt coach, lined with rose colored satin. "Now, my dear," said the godmother, "fetch me the mosu-etrap out of the pantry." Cinderella fetched it, and

in it there were six fat mice. The fairy raised the wire door of the trap, and, as each mouse ran out, she struck it, and changed it into a beautiful black horse. "But what am I to do for a coachman, Cinderella?" Cinderella said that she had



seen a large black rat in the rat-trap, and that he might do for want of a better. "That is a happy thought," cried the fairy.



"Go and bring him." He was brought, and the fairy turned him into a most respectable coachman, with the finest whiskers imaginable. She afterwards took six lizards from behind the pumpkin-frame, and changed them into six footmen, all in splendid livery, and the six footmen immediately got up behind the carriage. "Well, Cinderella," said her fairy godmother, "now you can go to the ball." "What, in these clothes!" exclaimed Cinderella, in a most dolorous tone, looking down on her ragged frock. Her godmother gave a laugh, and touched her also with the wand. Immediately her wretched threadbare jacket became stiff with gold and bright jewels; her woollen petticoat grew into a gown of sweeping satin; and her little feet were no longer bare, but covered with silk stockings and the prettiest glass slippers in the world. "Now, Cinderella, away with you to the ball; but





*CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.*

remember, do not stay an instant after midnight; if you do, your carriage will become a pumpkin, your coachman a rat, your horses mice and yourself the little cinder-girl you were a minute ago." "No, I won't stay an instant after midnight!" said Cinderella, and she set off with her heart full of joy.

Some one, most likely a friend of the fairy's, had told the king's son that an uninvited princess, whom nobody knew, was coming to the ball, and when Cinderella arrived at the palace there he was standing at the entrance, ready to receive her.

He gave her his hand, and led her gallantly through the assembled guests, who made way for her to pass, and every one whispered to his neighbor, "How beautiful she is!" The court ladies looked at her eagerly, clothes and all, and made up their minds to have their dresses made next day of exactly the same pattern. The king's son himself led her out to dance, and she danced so gracefully that he admired her more and more. Indeed, at supper, which was fortunately early, he was so taken up with her, that he quite forgot to eat. As for Cinderella, she felt rather shy amongst so many strangers so she sought out her sisters, placed herself beside them, and offered them all sorts of kind attentions, much to their surprise, for they did not recognize her in the least. She was talking with them when the clock struck a quarter to twelve; when she heard that she took leave of the royal family, re-entered her carriage, escorted tenderly by the king's son, and soon arrived safely at her own door. There she found her godmother, and, after thanking her for the great treat she had enjoyed, she begged permission to go to a second ball, the following night, to which the queen had invited her. The godmother said she might go. Just then the two sisters knocked at the gate. The fairy godmother vanished, and, when they entered there was Cinderella sitting in the chimney-corner rubbing her eyes and pretending to be very sleepy. "Ah," cried the elder sister, maliciously, "what a delightful

ball it has been ! There was present the most beautiful princess I ever saw, and she was exceedingly polite to us both." "Was she?" said Cinderella, indifferently. "And who might she be?"

"Nobody knows, though all would give their ears to know, especially the king's son." "Indeed!" replied Cinderella, a little more interested: "I should like to see her, Miss Javotte" (that was the name of the elder sister). "Will you not lend me the yellow gown that you wear on Sundays, and let me go to-morrow?" "A likely story indeed," cried Miss Javotte, "that I should lend it to a cinder-girl. I am not so mad as that!"

The next night came, and the two sisters, richly dressed in quite new dresses, went to the ball. Cinderella, more splendidly attired and more beautiful than ever, soon followed them.

"Now, remember twelve o'clock," was the last thing her god-mother said; and she thought she certainly should. But the prince's attentions to her were even greater than on the first evening, and in the pleasure of listening to him time passed by unnoticed. While the two were sitting in a lovely recess, looking at the moon from under a bower of orange blossoms, she heard a clock strike the first stroke of twelve. She rose and fled away like a startled deer. The prince was amazed; he attempted to follow her, but she could not be caught; indeed, he missed his beautiful



princess altogether, and only saw a dirty little lass running out of the palace gate, whom he had never seen before, and of whom he certainly would never have taken any notice. Cinderella reached home breathless and weary, ragged and cold, without horses, or



**"THE HERALD PUT THE SLIPPER ON HER PRETTY FOOT,  
AND IT FITTED EXACTLY."**

carriage, or footman, or coachman; the only remnant she had of her past grandeur was one of her little glass slippers; the other she had dropped in the ball-room as she ran away.

When the two sisters came back from the ball, they were full of this strange adventure, how the beautiful princess had appeared more lovely than ever, and how, as the clock was striking twelve, she had suddenly risen up and fled, disappearing no one knew how or where, and dropping one of her glass slippers behind her in her flight. And they added that all the court and royal family were sure that the king's son had become desperately in love with the unknown lovely lady. Cinderella listened without saying a word, but she turned her face to the kitchen fire and blushed as red as a rose, and next morning she went to her weary work again.

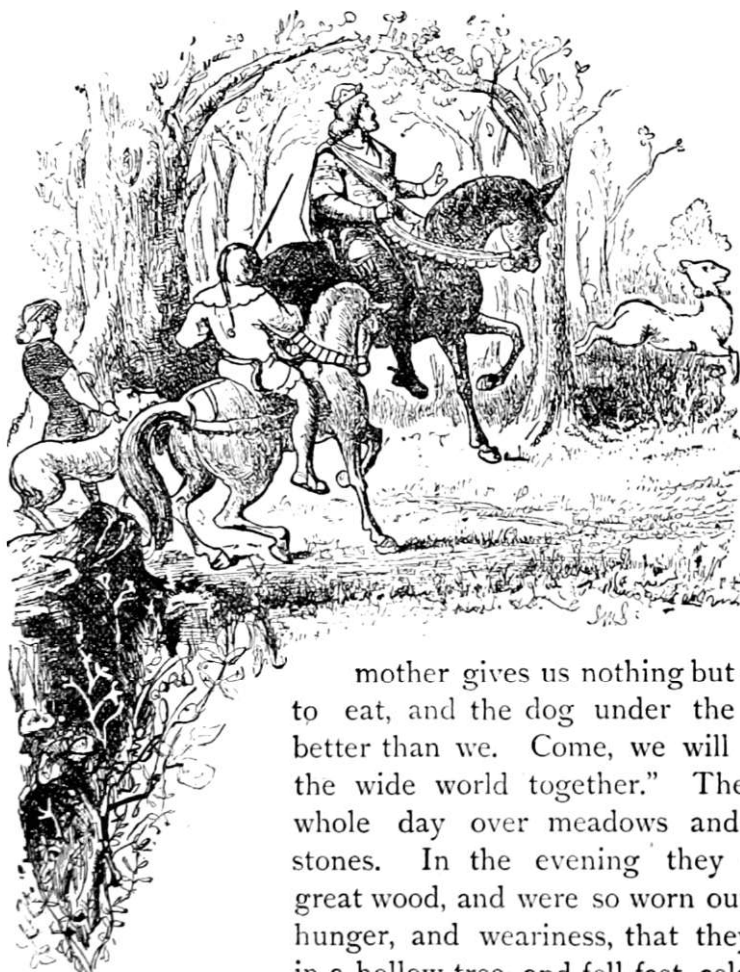
A few days after, the whole city was roused by a herald going round with a little glass slipper in his hand, proclaiming, with a flourish of trumpets, that the king's son ordered it to be fitted on the foot of every young girl in the kingdom, and that he would marry the one it fitted best, or the one to whom it and the fellow slipper belonged. Young princesses, young duchesses, young countesses, young gentlewomen! all tried it on, but being a fairy slipper it fitted nobody; and besides nobody could produce its fellow slipper, which lay all the time safely in the pocket of Cinderella's old gown.



At last the herald came to the house of the two sisters, and though these knew well enough that neither of them was the beautiful lady, they tried their best to get their clumsy feet into the slipper: of course, it was all in vain. "Let me try it on," said Cinderella, from the chimney corner. "What, you!" cried the others, bursting into shouts of laughter; but Cinderella only smiled and held out her hand. Her sisters could not prevent her, since the command was that every young girl in the kingdom should make the attempt, in case the right owner might be overlooked. So the herald bade Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen, and he put the slipper on her pretty foot, and it fitted exactly. Cinderella then drew from her pocket the fellow slipper, which she also put on, and stood up; and with the touch of the magic shoes all her dress was changed, and she was no longer the poor despised cinder-girl, but the beautiful lady whom the king's son loved.

Her sisters recognized her at once. They were filled with astonishment and fear, and threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all their past unkindness. She raised and embraced them, and told them that she heartily forgave them and only hoped they would love her always. She was then taken to the palace, and told her whole story to the king and the royal family. The young prince found her more beautiful and lovable than ever, and the wedding came off the next day. Cinderella was as good as she was beautiful; and she sent for her two sisters to the palace, and not long afterwards they were married to two rich gentlemen of the court.

## THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.



THERE  
was once  
a little  
brother  
took his  
sister by  
the hand  
and said,  
"Since  
our mo-  
ther is  
dead we  
have not  
had a  
happy  
minute;  
our step-

mother gives us nothing but hard crusts to eat, and the dog under the table fares better than we. Come, we will go out into the wide world together." They went the whole day over meadows and rocks and stones. In the evening they came to a great wood, and were so worn out with grief, hunger, and weariness, that they lay down in a hollow tree and fell fast asleep. When

they awoke the next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens, and it shone down so hot on the tree that the little

brother, said, "Sister, I am thirsty; I would go and have a drink if I knew where there was a brook; I think I can hear one running." He got up, took his sister by the hand, and they went to look for the brook.

The wicked stepmother, however, was a witch, and knew well that the children had run away, and she had sneaked after them and enchanted all the springs in the forest. When they had found a brook that was dancing brightly over the pebbles, the brother stooped down to drink, but his sister heard how it said as it ran along, "Whoever drinks of me will become a tiger." So the little sister cried out, "Oh brother, do not drink, lest you become a tiger and tear me to pieces!" The little brother did not drink, although he was so thirsty, but said, "I will wait for the next brook." When they came to the next, the little sister heard it say, "Whoever drinks of me will become a wolf," and she cried out, "Oh, brother, do not drink, lest you become a wolf and eat me up!" Then the brother did not drink, but said, "I will wait till I come to the next brook, and then I must drink, say what you will, for my thirst is getting too great." And when they came to the third brook, the little sister heard it saying, "Whoever drinks of me will become a fawn—whoever drinks of me will become a fawn," and she cried, "Oh, brother, do not drink, or you will become a fawn and run away from me!" But the brother had already stooped down and drank of the water, and as soon as the first drop touched his lips he was changed into a fawn.

The little sister cried over her poor bewitched brother, and the fawn cried also as he stood beside her. At last the girl said, "Never mind, dear fawn, I will not forsake you." She then took off her golden garter and put it round the fawn's neck, and pulled some rushes, and wove them into a rope. To this she tied him and led him away, and they went on deeper and deeper into the wood. When they had gone a long long way they came to a little house;



## *THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.*

the maiden peeped into it, and as it was empty she thought, "We may as well stay here." So there they stayed.

They had lived alone for a long time, when it happened that the king of the country held a great hunt in the forest.

"Oh," said the little fawn to his sister, "let me go and see the hunt; I can't keep away!" And he begged so hard, that she consented. "But," said she, "when you come back at evening, I shall have shut my door against the wild huntsmen; now, in order that I may know you, knock and say, 'My little sister, let me in; if you do not say so, I shall not open the door.'"

Away sprang the fawn, and he was so happy to find himself in the open air. The king and his huntsmen caught sight of him, and immediately set off in chase, but they could not catch him. Just as it was getting dark, he ran up to the little house, knocked, and cried "My little sister, let me in!" and when the door was opened he sprang in and rested all night on his soft bed of leaves and moss. Next morning the hunt began again, and when the fawn heard the noise of the chase he could not rest, and cried, "Sister, open the door; I must go!" His sister opened the door and said, "But, remember, you must be back in the evening, and when you come say, 'My little sister, let me in; that I may know who it is.'" When the king and his huntsmen saw the fawn with the gold band once more, they all rode after him, but he was too quick for them. The chase went on all day; at last, towards evening, the hunters got round him, and wounded him with an arrow in the foot, so that he had to limp and go slowly. One of the hunters crept softly after him to the little house, and heard him say, "Little sister, let me in!" and he saw that the door was opened and immediately shut to again; he then went back to the king and told him what he had seen and heard. "We shall have another hunt to-morrow," said the king. The little sister was terribly frightened when she saw that her fawn was wounded; she washed off the



blood, laid herbs on the place, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, and get well." The wound, however, was so slight, that next morning it did not feel sore at all. Again the woods rang with the hunter's horn, and when the fawn heard it he said, "I cannot stay away, I must go, nothing shall keep me!" His sister cried, and said, "Now you will go and be killed, and leave me here alone in the forest, without a friend in the world." "Then I must die here of grief," answered the fawn, "for when I hear the sound of the horn I feel as if I could jump out of my skin." So his sister had to open the door, though with a heavy heart, and the fawn sprang out joyfully into the forest. As soon as the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen, "Now chase him all day till evening, but don't do anything to hurt him." When the sun was set the king turned to the huntsman who had followed the fawn the day before. "Come, now," he said, "and show me the little house you saw in the wood." And when he was before the door, he knocked and cried, "Little sister, let me in!" Immediately the door was opened, and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more beautiful than any he had ever seen. The little sister was afraid when she saw that it was not her fawn who had come in, but a man with a golden crown on his head. But the king looked kindly at her, and took her hand, and said, "Will you go with me to my palace and be my queen?" "Oh yes!" answered the maiden, "but the fawn must come with me, for I cannot forsake him." "He shall stay with you," said the king, "as long as you live, and shall want for nothing." At that moment in came the fawn; his sister tied the rope of rushes round his neck, and they all left the little house together.

The king took the beautiful girl on his horse, and led her to the palace, where the marriage was celebrated with great splendor. The little sister was now queen, and she and the king lived a long time very happily together, whilst the fawn was well taken care of, and played about all day in the palace gardens. But when



THE LITTLE SISTER, THE KING AND THE FAWN.

the wicked stepmother heard that everything went so well with the little sister and her brother, she was full of envy and spite; her only thought was how she could do some mischief to them both. Her only daughter, who had but one eye, and was as ugly as could be, was continually reproaching her, and saying, "It is I who ought to have been made queen!" "Never mind," said the old witch; "have patience; you will be made queen by-and-by."

Soon the queen had a little boy, and it happened that the king was away hunting at the time. Now, what did the old witch do, but take the form of the lady-in-waiting, and enter the room where the queen was lying, and say to her, "I have made ready a bath which will do you good and make you strong again; be quick, before the water gets cold." Her daughter was close at hand, and they carried the poor weak queen before them into the bath-room, and laid her in the bath then they shut the door, and ran away. And under the bath they had kindled a great furnace fire, so that the beautiful young queen was scorched to death.

When that was done, the old witch took her own daughter, put a cap on her, and laid her on the bed in the queen's room. She changed her also into the shape of the young queen all but her one eye, for her power was not great enough to give her another. However, she told her daughter to lie on that side on which there was no eye, so that the king might not observe it. In the evening the king came home, and when he heard that he had a little son, he was very much pleased, and wished to visit his dear queen, and see how she was getting on; but the old woman cried out in a great hurry, "Don't touch the curtain! the queen must not see the light, and must be left quite quiet." So the king went away, and never found out that he was deceived.

But when it was midnight, and all the world was sleeping, the nurse, who sat beside the cradle, and who was the only one awake, saw the door open, and the true queen come in. She took the

child out of the cradle, and rocked it gently, then, shaking up the pillows, she laid it down again and covered it with the counterpane. She did not forget the fawn either, but went to the corner where it lay, and stroked it. And then she passed out without making any noise. The nurse asked the sentinels, next morning, whether any one had entered the palace during the night, but they said, "No; we have seen nobody." The queen continued to come in the same way for several nights, though she never spoke a word, and the nurse always saw her, but never dared to mention it.

At last the queen began to speak, and said:—

"How fareth my babe? and how tareth my fawn?  
Twice more can I come, and then never again."

The nurse could not answer her, but when she had disappeared she went to the king, and told him all about it. "What does it mean?" said he, "I will watch myself by the child to-night." And when it was evening he watched, and sure enough at midnight the dead queen appeared and said:—

"How fareth my babe? and how fareth my fawn?  
Once more can I come, and then never again."

And she fondled the child as before, and then vanished:

The king did not dare to speak to her; but he watched again the next night. This time she said:—

"How fareth my babe? and how fareth my fawn.  
This time is the last: I come never again."

When he heard that, the king could no longer keep from speaking. He sprang forward and cried, "You surely are no other than my own dear queen?" She replied, "Yes, I am your queen," and as soon as she had said so she was restored to life, and became once more fresh and blooming. Then she told what the witch and her

one-eyed daughter had done. The king ordered them to be tried, and sentence was passed upon them. The daughter was taken into the woods, and the wild beasts tore her to pieces, and the witch was burnt. And as soon as there was nothing left of her but ashes, the little fawn took again his human shape, and was a very handsome young man; and the king and the queen and the queen's brother lived all happily together to the end of their lives.



PUSS IN BOOTS.

THERE was once a miller, who at his death had no other legacy to leave to his three children than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The property was soon divided. The eldest son took the mill, the

second took the ass, and as for the youngest, all that remained for him was the cat.

This share in his father's property did not appear much worth, so the youngest son began to grumble. "My brothers," said he, "will be able to earn an honest livelihood by going



into partnership ; but when I have eaten my cat and sold his skin, I shall be sure to die of hunger."

The cat, who was sitting beside him, chanced to overhear this. He at once rose, and, looking at his master with a very grave and wise air, said, "Nay, don't take such a gloomy view of things. Only give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, so that I may stride through the bramble-bushes without hurting myself, and you will soon see that I am worth more than you imagine." The cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, but he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice, that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes.



As soon as the cat got what he asked for, he drew on his boots and slung the bag round his neck, taking hold of the two strings with his fore-paws. He then set off for a warren plentifully stocked with rabbits. When he got there, he filled his bag with bran and lettuces, and stretched himself out beside it as stiff as if he had been dead, and waited till some fine young rabbit, ignorant of the wickedness and deceit of the world, should be tempted into the bag by the prospect of a feast. This happened very soon. A fat thoughtless rabbit went in headlong, and the cat at once drew the strings and strangled him without mercy. Puss, of course, was very proud of his success ; and he immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty, and

said. "Sire, here is a magnificent rabbit, from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas" (that was the title the cat had taken it into his head to bestow upon his master), "which he desires me to present to your majesty."

"Tell your master," said the king, "that I accept his present and am very much obliged to him."

A few days after, the cat went and hid himself in the corn-field, and held his bag open as before. This time two splendid partridges were lured into the trap, when he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king as he had done with the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously; indeed, he was so pleased, that he ordered the messenger of the Marquis of Carabas to be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

For two or three months the cat went on in this way carrying game every now and then to the palace, and telling the king always the same story, that he was indebted for it to the Marquis of Carabas. At last the cat happened to hear that the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, along with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world. Puss went off to his master. "Sir," said he, "if you will follow my advice your fortune is made. You need only go and bathe in the river at a place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me."



"Very well," said the miller's son, and he did as the cat advised. Just as he was bathing the king went past. Then the cat began to bawl out as loud as he could, "Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!"

When he heard the cries, the king looked out of the carriage-window. He saw the cat who had so frequently brought him





THE CAT CRYING "STOP THIEF."

rabbits and partridges, and ordered his body-guards to fly at once to the help of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

Whilst the poor marquis was being fished out of the water the cat came up to the royal carriage and told his majesty, that, as his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out "Stop thief!" with all his might. The king immediately commanded the gentleman of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most magnificent suits of clothes for the Marquis of Carabas. The order was executed in a twinkling, and soon the miller's son appeared splendidly attired before the king and the princess. He was naturally a handsome young man, and in his gay dress he looked so well that the king took him for a very fine gentleman, and the princess was so struck with his appearance that she at once fell over head and ears in love.



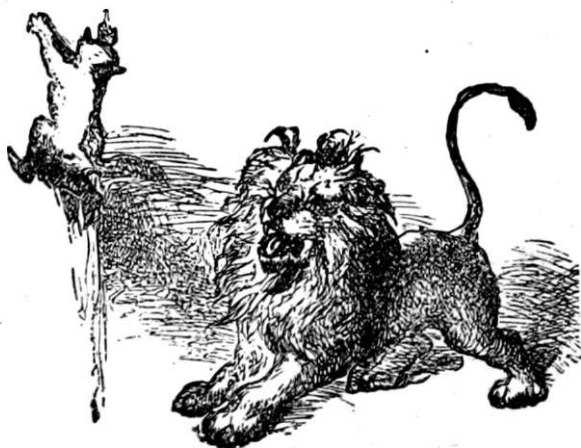
The king insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. The cat greatly pleased at the turn things were taking, ran on before. He reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing grass. Good people," said he, "if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way that the field you are mowing



PUSSY PERSUADING THE OGRE TO "GIVE HIMSELF AWAY."

belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat." The king did not fail to ask the mowers to whom the meadow belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they, trembling, for the threat of the cat had frightened them mightily. "Upon my word, marquis," said the king, "this is fine land of yours." "Yes, sire," replied the miller's son, "it is not a bad meadow take it all together." The cat who continued to run on before the carriage, now came up to some reapers. He bounced in upon them, "I say, you reapers," cried he, "see you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you shall every one of you be chopped as fine as mincemeat." The king passed by a moment after, and asked to whom the corn-fields belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said the reapers. "Really, dear marquis, I am pleased you own so much land," remarked the king. And the cat kept still running on before the carriage and repeating the same instructions to all the laborers he came up to, so you may fancy how astonished the king was at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas.

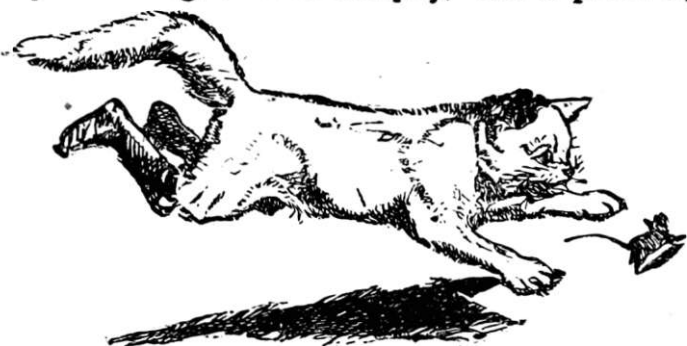
At length the cat arrived at a great castle where an ogre lived, who was immensely rich, for all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. He knocked at the big gate, and sent in a message to the ogre, asking leave to



pay his respects to him. The ogre, received him as civilly as an ogre could possibly do, and bade him rest himself. "You are very kind," said the cat and he took a chair; "I have heard, Mr. Ogre," he went on to say, "that you have the power of changing yourself into all sorts of animals, such, for instance, as a lion or an elephant."

"So I have," replied the ogre, rather abruptly, "and to prove it, you will see me become a lion." And,

in a moment, there stood the lion. The cat was seized with such a fright, that he jumped off his



seat, made for the window, and clambered up to the roof. After a time, he saw the ogre return to his natural shape, so he came down again and confessed that he had been very much frightened. "But, Mr. Ogre," said he, "it may be easy for such a big gentleman as you to change yourself into a large animal; I do not suppose you can become a small one—say a rat or a mouse." "Impossible indeed!" said the ogre, quite indignantly, "you shall see!" and immediately he took the shape of a mouse and began frisking about on the floor, when the cat pounced upon him and ate him up in a moment.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's castle, and it looked so grand that he expressed a strong wish to enter it. The cat heard the rumbling of the carriage across the draw-bridge, so he ran out in a great hurry, and stood on the marble steps, and cried, "Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas!"

The marquis handed out the princess, and, following the king they entered a great hall, where a magnificent feast was laid out which had been prepared for some of the ogre's friends. They sat down to eat; and now we come to the end of our story. The king was delighted with the good qualities of the Marquis of Carabas. So his majesty, after drinking five or six glasses of wine, looked across the table, and said, "It rests with you, marquis, whether you will become my son-in-law." The marquis replied that he should only be too happy; and the very next day the princess and he were married.

As for the cat, he became a great lord, and ever after only hunted mice for his own amusement.



## THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.



THERE was once a king's daughter so beautiful that they called her the Fair One with Golden Locks. In a neighboring country there was a young king who wanted nothing but a wife to make him happy.

Everybody spoke to him about the good qualities of the Fair One with Golden Locks, and at last, without even seeing her, he fell desperately in love with her. He made up his mind to send an ambassador at once to ask her in marriage. But, alas! when the ambassador delivered his message, the princess told him she had not the slightest wish to be married.

When the unsuccessful ambassador returned, the king, as you may suppose, was very sad. Now, there was a young gentleman



at court, named Avenant. He was as beautiful as the sun, and every one loved him, except those people—to be found everywhere—who were envious of his good fortune. These malicious people heard him say once, "If the king had sent me to fetch the Fair One with Golden Locks, I know she would have come back with me," and they repeated the saying in such a way, that it seemed as if Avenant thought so much of himself and his fine looks, that he felt sure the princess would have followed him all over the world. When this came to the ears of the king, it made him so angry that he ordered Avenant to be imprisoned in a high tower, and left to die there of hunger. The guards carried off poor Avenant, and he was left in the tower with nothing to eat, and only water to drink. This, however, kept him alive for a few days, during which he never ceased to complain aloud about his misfortunes.

It so happened that the king, coming past the tower, overheard him. The tears rushed into his eyes, he opened the door, and called, "Avenant!" Avenant came, creeping feebly along, and fell at the king's feet. "What harm," he said, "have I done that you should treat me so cruelly?" "You have mocked me and my ambassador; for you said, if I had sent you to fetch the Fair One with Golden Locks you would have brought her back." "I did say it; and it was true," replied Avenant fearlessly; "for I should have told her so much about you and your good qualities, that I am sure she would have returned with me." "I believe it," said the king, and he looked angrily at those who had spoken ill of his favorite. He then gave Avenant a free pardon, and took him back with him to the court. After supper, to which Avenant did full justice, the king admitted him to a private audience; and said, "I am as much in love as ever with the Fair One with Golden Locks, so I shall take you at your word, and send you to try and win her for me." "Very well," replied Avenant, cheerfully; "I shall go to-morrow."



It was on a Monday that he started. He rode slowly; and one morning he came to a stream running through a meadow. He dismounted and sat down on its banks. There he saw a large golden carp that had jumped quite out of the water, gasping, and and nearly dead, on the grass; Avenant took pity on it, and lifted it gently, and put it back into the stream. The carp took a plunge to refresh itself, and then came back, and said, "Avenant, I thank you for your kindness; if ever I can, I will do you a good turn."

Next day he met a raven in great distress; it was being pursued by an eagle, which would have swallowed it up in no time; so he let fly an arrow, and shot the eagle dead. The raven, delighted, perched on an opposite tree. "Avenant," he screeched, "you have generously helped me; I am not ungrateful, and will do you a good turn whenever I can." "Thank you," said Avenant.

Some days after he entered a thick wood, and in it he heard an owl hooting, as if in trouble. She had been caught by the nets spread by bird-catchers to entrap small birds. Avenant took out his knife, cut the net, and let the owl go free. She mounted into the air, and cried out, "Avenant, I have a grateful heart; I shall recompense you one day!"

These were the principal adventures that befell Avenant on his journey to the kingdom of the Fair One with Golden Locks. When he got there he dressed himself with the greatest pains, and carrying in his hand a small basket in which was a lovely little dog, an offering of respect to the princess, he presented himself at the palace gates. The Fair One with Golden Locks was very soon told that Avenant, another ambassador from the king her suitor, awaited an audience.

When she was grandly dressed to receive him, Avenant was admitted to her presence. He then said all that he had to say. "Gentle Avenant," returned the princess, "your arguments are very strong, and I am inclined to listen to them; but I must tell

you that about a month back I let a ring fall into the river, and I resolved not to listen to a marriage-proposal from anybody unless his ambassador found me that lost treasure."

Avenant, surprised and vexed, made a low bow and retired, taking with him the basket and the little dog, Cabriole, which the princess had refused to accept. Till far on in the night he sat sighing to himself. "My dear master," said Cabriole, "fortune will, no doubt, favor you; let us go at daybreak to the river-side." Avenant patted him, but said nothing, and at last, worn out with grief, he fell asleep. At dawn, Cabriole wakened him. "Master," he cried, "dress yourself, and let us go to the river." There Avenant walked up and down, and before long he heard a voice calling from a distance, "Avenant! Avenant!" The little dog ran to the water-side—"Never believe me again, master, if it is not a golden carp with a ring in its mouth!" "Yes, Avenant," said the carp, "this is the ring which the princess has lost; you saved my life once, and I have recompensed you. Farewell!" Avenant took the ring gratefully, and hastened to the palace. Begging an audience, he handed the ring to the princess, and asked her to accompany him now to his master's kingdom. She took the ring, looked at it, and thought she was surely dreaming; then she made up her mind to set him a second task. "There is a prince named Galifron," she said, "whom I have often refused to marry. He is a giant, as tall as a tower; go and fight him and bring me his head." "Very well, madam," replied Avenant, "I go at once to fight the giant Galifron." The princess, who never had expected that Avenant would consent, now did all she could to persuade him not to go, but in vain. Avenant armed himself and set off.

He drew near the castle of Galifron, and soon he saw the giant walking, and his head was level with the highest trees. He caught sight of Avenant, and would have slain him on the spot, had not a raven, sitting on a tree close at hand, suddenly flown at him, and picked out both his eyes. Then Avenant easily killed him, and

cut off his head. The raven perched on a tree, and cried out, "You shot the eagle who was pursuing me; I promised to recompense you, and to-day I have done it." "I am your debtor," said Avenant. He hung the frightful head to his saddle-bow, mounted his horse, and rode back to the city. The princess, who had trembled for his safety, was delighted to see him return. "Madam," said Avenant, "your enemy is dead; so I trust you will accept the hand of the king my master." "I cannot," replied she, thoughtfully, "unless you first bring me a phial of the water in the Grotto of Darkness. The grotto is ten miles in length, and guarded at the entrance by two fiery dragons. Within it is a pit full of scorpions, lizards, and serpents; and at the bottom of the pit rises the Fountain of Beauty and Health. All who wash in its water become, if ugly, beautiful; and if beautiful, beautiful forever: if old they grow young; and if young, remain young, forever." "Princess," replied Avenant, "you are already so lovely that you do not need it. But I am an unfortunate ambassador, whose death you desire. I will obey you, though I know I shall never return."

So he went away, accompanied by his faithful little dog. He reached a high mountain, and from the top he saw a hole in a rock. A moment after appeared one of the two fiery dragons. Avenant drew his sword, and taking out a phial given him by the princess, he prepared to enter the cave. Just then a voice called, "Avenant, Avenant!" and he saw an owl sitting in a hollow tree. The owl said, "You cut the net in which I was caught, and I vowed to recompense you. Give me the phial. I know every corner of the Grotto of Darkness. I will fetch the Water of Beauty." Delighted beyond words, Avenant gave him the phial. The owl flew with it into the grotto, and soon re-appeared, bringing it quite full and well corked. After thanking the owl most heartily, Avenant joyfully returned to the city.

The Fair One with Golden Locks had no more to say. She

agreed to accompany him to his master's court. At length they arrived at the king's palace, and the Fair One with Golden Locks



became the queen. But in her heart she loved Avenant; and she praised him so much to the king, that he at last became jealous;

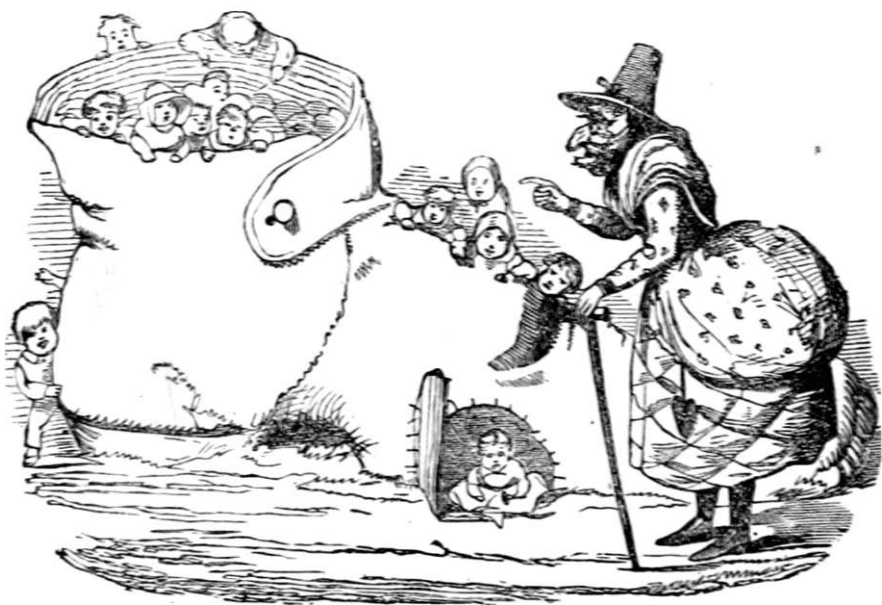
and, though Avenant gave him no cause of offence, he shut him up in the same high tower as before. When the Fair One with Golden Locks heard of this, she reproached her husband with his ingratitude, and then implored that Avenant might be set at liberty. But the king only said, "she loves him!" and refused her prayer. The queen asked no more, but fell into a deep melancholy. When the king saw it, he thought she did not care for him because he was not handsome enough, and that if he could wash his face with her Water of Beauty, it would make her love him more. He knew that she kept it in a cabinet in her own room.

Now it happened that a waiting-maid, in cleaning out this cabinet the very day before, had knocked down the phial and broken it into a thousand pieces; so that all the contents were lost. Very much alarmed, she had remembered seeing in a cabinet belonging to the king a similar phial. This she fetched, and put it in the place of the one which had held the Water of Beauty. But the king's phial contained the Water of Death. Now the king took up this phial, believing it to be the Water of Beauty, washed his face, fell asleep, and died.

Cabriole heard the news, and, making his way through the crowd which clustered round the young and lovely queen, he whispered softly to her, "Madam, do not forget poor Avenant." She was not disposed to do so. She rose up, without speaking to anybody, and went straight to the tower where he was imprisoned. There, with her own hands, she struck off his chains, and, putting a crown of gold on his head, said to him, "Be king and my husband."

Avenant could not refuse, for in his heart he had loved her all the time. The marriage was celebrated with all imaginable pomp, and all the people were delighted to have him as their sovereign. And now I have nothing more to tell than that Avenant and the Fair One with Golden Locks lived and reigned happily all the rest of their

## THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.



ONCE on a time there was a Little Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. This shoe stood near a great forest, and was so large it served as a house for the Old Lady and all her children, of which she had so many that she did not know what to do with them.

But the Little Old Woman was very fond of her children, and they thought only of the best way to please her. They all liked very much to be in the open air and to be permitted to work



in the sunshine. First, there was Strong-arm, a fine healthy boy, who cut down trees in the forest to supply his mother with firewood. Here you may see him carrying two great bundles, which he has felled from the forest close by. Then there was Peter, who was very skilful with his hands and fingers; he would weave the young and supple osiers into the strangest and prettiest shapes—



making baskets for his mother, and cradles for his little brothers and sisters. Mark was the chief gardener, and, helped by his



brothers and sisters, watched the growth of the vegetables and flowers in the garden. Simon tended the Sheep; which he would take to the fine meadows to nibble the grass, and at evening carefully bring them home to their nice little shed that Strong-arm had built; Tom had care of the Rabbits and never forgot to give them fresh cabbage-leaves every day. He also had charge of the good-natured Cow; Lizzie, the eldest sister, milked it, and fed the Cocks and Hens, and gathered the new-laid eggs, so that every morning she could have a number of them to put on the table for breakfast and made the butter and the fine large cheeses. She also knew how to make bread, as also very light pies, puddings, and





custards, and would often bake nice cakes for her good brothers, which they had as a reward when they did their work well. It was Harry's task to bring from the bubbling and sparkling well, sweet water for his mother, and brothers and sisters.

It was Jenny's duty to teach the youngest children to read, and this she did with great patience and care—the youngest ones she taught by showing them nice picture books. The old woman was very industrious herself, and desired





that all her children should be so likewise, for she knew that to be clever and useful when we grow up, we must begin to learn when we are young. I must not forget to mention the great dog Grim, who watched the house, and kept off danger in the night by his barking. He always took his station by the Shoe, and guarded well the family in the darkness. A brave fellow he was, as was once shown, when a large savage Wolf came out of the forest, and seized one of the little children by the frock. Grim ran at the hungry animal, and, not at all daunted, caught him by the throat, rolling him over on the ground. Strong-arm was near



and, rushing upon the Wolf with his hatchet, at one blow killed it. After this, he hung up the skin on a tree, as a warning to all other hungry Wolves who might come prowling that way!

In the morning, when Strong-arm had gone into the forest, and when Mark was working in the garden, and while Simon and Peter were making baskets or tending the Sheep, this Little Old

Lady would go forth to the brook, with all her younger children, to wash the clothes. The girls would go into the water and help their mother to wash, whilst Willie and Charlie would lay out the clothes to dry; when this was done, they were carefully folded and carried home in baskets by the boys; thus every thing was done in a neat and orderly manner.

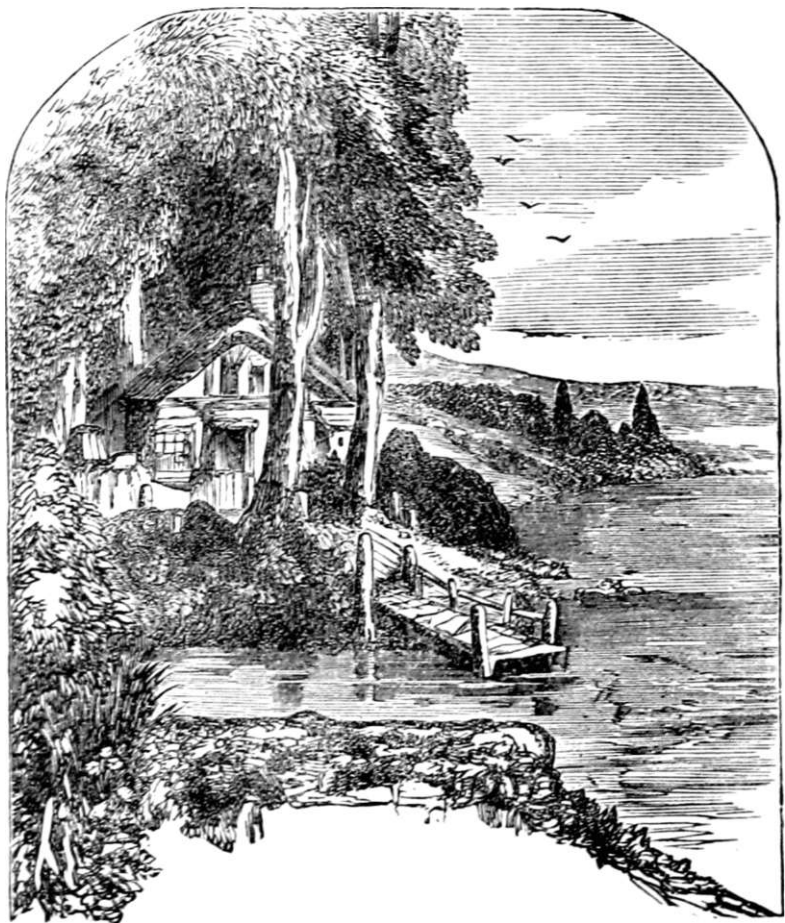
Now, it was in this way the Old Lady spent her time, and in this way she ruled and taught her children. It is certain she would have been as happy as her youngest children playing in the sunshine, were it not for one sad event. You will soon learn what this event was; meanwhile, I must tell you that, when the poor Old Lady thought of it, it caused her so much pain that she would be forced to leave her work.





Then, sitting on the green bank by the river's side, she would weep long in great grief.

This Little Old Woman had not always lived in a Shoe. No; she and her family had once dwelt in a large house with great windows, that stood on the banks of the sparkling lake. It was a



charming house; the front and sides were all grown over with creeping plants and ivy, and it had a fine roof of bright-red tiles. Very happy were they in those days. Alas! ill-fortune came upon them at a moment when they least expected it.



It was an event that caused all the poor Little Old Lady's grief, for it was nothing else than the loss of her husband, whom she loved so much and had not now seen for so many years. He was, like his son Strong-arm, a wood-cutter. One day, as was his custom, he went into the forest to fell trees. Now, there lived in a huge castle beyond the forest, a fierce Giant, whose name was Gorgoras. He was as tall as the highest trees in the forest, his arms and legs as large as any of their branches, while his body was thicker than the trunk of any tree in the wood. His face was



almost covered with black hair, and his great eyes were like red-hot coals. One day, this cruel Giant came out from his castle, and, being in a bad temper, he, with many blows of his club, dashed the house of the poor Little Old Woman into ruins! It was a very lucky thing that she and all her children were out in the fields at the time. After this, the Giant went into the forest, and, seeing the father at work, he, in a voice which sounded like thunder among the trees, asked him what he did there? The poor man was dumb with terror, and his knees shook and





trembled. The Giant said he wanted a man to cut wood for the fires in his castle, and, upon this, he seized the wood-cutter by the waist and bore him off. When the Little Old Woman came home, she found her house in ruins, and her husband was nowhere to be seen! She knew at once that it was the work of the wicked Giant, and became alarmed for her husband, as she was

## THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN



certain that if he were seen by the Giant he would either kill him or carry him to the deep dungeons in his castle. Night came on, and her husband did not return, so she and her family went in search of him. When they came to that part of the wood where the Giant had met their father, they saw an immense Shoe. They

spent a long time weeping and crying out for their father, meeting with no reply but the sighing of the wind among the branches of the forest trees. Then the Old Lady thought she and her children would drag the Shoe out of the wood and take shelter in it, till they should be able to build a fresh house. They fixed it firmly in the ground, propped it up with stout beams of timber, covered the top with a trap-door to keep out rain and wind, and, as it was very high, Peter and Strong-arm cut a piece out of

the side to make an entrance. In this shoe they lived for many a year, finding it suit them so well that they gave up the idea of building a fresh house. Yet the Little Old Lady never forgot her husband and his sad fate. Often would she sigh, and many hours would she spend thinking of the best way to release him from the bondage of the Giant; but no plan could she form for his rescue. Strong-arm had seen how wretched his mother was, and he was filled with sorrow as he watched her weeping and moaning on the river's bank. When he learned it was for his father she mourned, he was fired with the desire to release him at any cost; so he spoke to his brothers, who determined that he and the eleven next eldest should go forth to conquer the Giant. His mother knew the Giant's strength, and would not hear of his making the attempt.

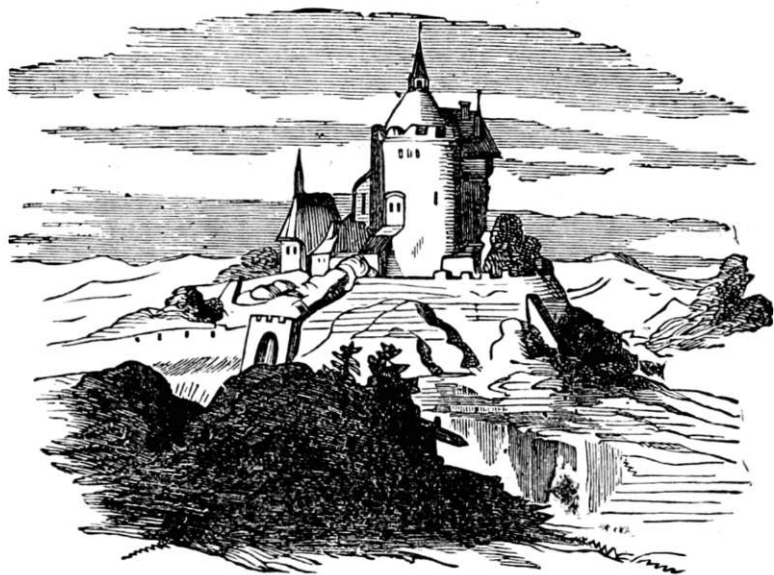




She was sure he would be killed if he dared to approach the Giant's castle. But the heart of Strong-arm knew no fear, and he was ready to meet any danger. He bought a dozen sharp swords, keeping for his own use an immense blade, such as in his powerful

hands would deal a terrible blow! He told his skilful brother Peter to construct twelve strong shields of wicker-work with iron spikes in the centre of each, and as many helmets of the same kind. Both shields and helmets were very light, though so closely woven that they were not cut by the heaviest blows that Strong-arm could deal on them. To make success more certain, the skilful Peter made twelve cross-bows, and for each one he added a hundred iron-headed arrows. Strong-arm and his eleven brothers were now ready to go 'forth and attack the Giant; but the Old Lady was full of fear. Her eldest son would hear of no delay, so they put on their helmets, with their swords and shields. Then Strong-arm had them all stand in order like well-trained soldiers, and going one at a time to their mother, she gave each son her blessing, and then fell upon her knees and prayed for their success as they went forth.





Strong-arm now gave the order to advance, and they started for the forest. They marched along with bold hearts, for it was a long way off, and the road through the forest was difficult to find, but they neither cared for difficulties nor trouble, so long as they had the chance of restoring their kind father to liberty; their cause was good, Strong-arm said, and that *RIGHT OVER MIGHT* should be their motto. When night came on, they were yet a great distance from the castle, so they collected some wood and made a fire, which they all sat round, and had some supper, which their good mother had provided them with before starting. After supper Strong-arm related histories to them showing how those who fought for the true and just always conquered the wicked at last, and told them that to be great men they must be good men;



then they all prayed that they might get their father out of the hands of the wicked Giant, after which they lay down to sleep, two always being left to watch. As soon as the sun rose, they all washed in a clear stream that was near ; then Strong-arm served out to each a nice biscuit ; this with a drink of spring water was their breakfast, which they enjoyed very much. All being ready, the order was given to march, and they soon came in sight of the Giant's castle. Around the castle was a deep ditch, and before the massive gate there was a narrow bridge.

Strong-arm, leaving his eleven brothers in a little wood close by the bridge, where they might remain safe yet within call if he should want them, boldly strode up to the entrance. He seized



the knocker which was so heavy that it required the strength of both his hands to lift it, Then he sounded such a peal on the door that it fairly shook the walls of the castle; the door was opened by a funny little boy with a large head, who kept grinning





and laughing. Strong-arm demanded of him where his master the Giant was to be found, but the little fellow only laughed the louder.

At the noise, and hearing a strange voice, up sprang an ill-looking little man, with a large knife in his hand, who had been crouched down in the shadow, and so had not been seen by Strong-arm, who quickly placed his wicker-work shield before his breast, and pressed forward; the man cried, Get back, or I'll kill you; this is not the place for good boys—Get back, he cried; but Strong-arm made a thrust at him and plunged his sword deep into the little man's side, who crept quickly into his dark corner again.

Strong-arm now felt very valiant, and walked boldly across the court-yard, and pres-

ently he met a very smartly dressed page, who took his hat off and

bowed to Strong-arm, asking what he might please to want. Strong-arm said he had come to liberate his father, whom he knew was kept



a prisoner by the Giant; on this the little man said, You must cross the inner court-yard, and there you will see Old Margery Longnose sweeping the floor; you must speak very kindly to her and she may perhaps assist you. Strong-arm soon found the old woman, to whom he related his story, at which she said she was sorry for him, because the part of the castle in which his father was kept was guarded by a large Dragon, and unless he could kill it he never could get his father's liberty. Strong-arm, nothing daunted, followed the old woman's direction, and soon found himself in the presence of the monster, who was fast asleep; so Strong-arm made short work of it by sending his sword right





through its heart ; at which it jumped up, uttering a loud scream and made as if it would spring forward and seize Strong-arm ; but the good sword had done its work, and the monster fell heavily on the ground dead.

Now whilst all this was going on, the giant who had been



drinking much wine, was fast asleep in a remote part of the castle. Strong-arm had no sooner finished the Dragon, than up strutted the funny little boy who first opened the door, grinning and laughing as before, and said, Your servant, sir, I know who and what you want; at the same time leading Strong-arm round to another part of the courtyard, where he saw his poor father, who



immediately sprung to his feet and embraced his son. He said he was a dear, good, and dutiful boy to encounter so much danger for him ; but alas ! how was he to escape, for he was chained to the door. Then Strong-arm called up his brothers, and when they had embraced their father, they soon broke the chain and set him free ; so they all started off in the greatest joy for home.



I must return to the Little Old Woman. She, after her sons had gone away, gave way to the most bitter grief for having let them go to share the same cruel fate as her husband. While in this state, an old Witch came up to her, and on the Old Lady telling her the cause of her sorrow, she said she would help her, that the Giant was an enemy of hers, and she would not only see that the good sons prospered, but that the Giant should meet with such punishment as his wicked ways deserved. Then the old Witch took the Little Lady on her broom, and they sailed off through the air, straight for the Giant's castle.

On their way the Witch related how the Giant and she hated



each other: that she had great power, and wished to kill the Giant. To carry out her design, she began by afflicting him with corns and tender feet. Now when the Giant awoke from his sleep he was in such pain that he could bear it no longer, so he thought he would go in search of his missing Shoe, which, like the other one he had in his castle, was easy and large for his foot. When

he came to the spot where the Old Lady and her children lived, he saw his old Shoe, and, with a laugh that shook the trees, he thrust his foot into it, breaking through the trap door at the top!



The children, in great alarm, rushed about inside the Shoe, and, in great fear and trembling, scrambled through the door slits which the



*WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.*

Giant had formerly made for his corns. By this time the Witch and the Little Old Lady, as also Strong-arm, his eleven brothers, and his father were come up to the spot. Strong-arm and his eleven brothers shot their arrows at him till at last he fell wounded, when Strong-arm went up to him and cut off his head. Then the father and the Little Old Woman and her many children built a new house, and lived happily ever afterwards.



## THE FROG-PRINCE.

IN that good old time when wishing was having, there lived a king who had several daughters, and they were all beautiful. But the youngest was the loveliest. Near the king's palace lay a great dark forest, and in the forest was a fountain. When it was very hot, the king's daughter used to seat herself at the edge of the cool fountain, and played with a golden ball, throwing it up in the air and catching it again. Now, one day it happened that she let the ball roll into the water. At the loss of her ball the king's daughter began to weep, and she cried louder and louder every minute.

She had not been crying long before some one called to her, "What is the matter with you, king's daughter?" She looked round to see who spoke, and saw a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water. "Oh, did you speak?" said she; "I am crying for my golden ball which has fallen into the fountain." "Be quiet and don't cry," answered the frog, "I dare say I can help you: but what will you give me if I fetch your ball?" "Whatever you like, dear frog," said she; "my clothes, my pearls, and jewels, even the gold crown I wear." The frog answered, "These are all of no use to me; but if you will love me and let me be your companion and playfellow, and sit near you at your little table, and eat from your little golden plate, and drink from your little cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me all this, then I will fetch your golden ball from the bottom of the water." "Oh yes," said she, "I promise you everything, if you will only bring me back my golden ball." But she thought to herself all the time: "What nonsense the silly frog talks!" As soon as the frog had received the promise, he dived down. In a little while up he came again

with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The king's daughter was full of joy when she saw her pretty plaything again; she picked it up and ran away with it. "Stop! stop!" cried the



frog; "take me with you. I cannot go so fast as you." Alas! all his crying was useless, the princess did not hear him.

The next day, when she was sitting at dinner with the king and all his courtiers, eating from her little gold plate, a sound was heard of something coming up the marble stairs, splish-splash, splish-splash, and when it had reached the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "Youngest king's daughter, open the door." She rose and went to see who it was, but, when she opened the door and

saw the frog, she shut it to with a bang, and went back to her seat looking very pale. The king said, "What is this, my child? why are you in such a fright? Is there a giant outside to carry you off?" "Oh no," answered she, "it is no giant, but an ugly frog." "What does the frog want with you?" said the king. She told him. Just then there was another knock, and a voice cried, "Youngest king's daughter, open the door; have you forgotten the promise you made, by the clear fountain, beneath the lime-tree? Youngest king's daughter, open the door!"

Then the king said, "What you promised you must perform. Go and let him in." She went and opened the door; in hopped the frog, and he followed her till he came up to her chair. There he sat, and cried out, "lift me up on the table." She would not, till her father ordered her to obey. As soon as the frog was on the table, he said, "Now push your little golden plate nearer me, that we may eat together." She did so, but, as one could easily see, very unwillingly. The frog seemed to enjoy his dinner, but every bit she ate stuck in the throat of our poor little princess. Then the frog said, "I have eaten enough, and am tired; carry me up-stairs to your little room, and make your little silken bed smooth, and we will lie down to sleep together." At this the princess began to cry; for she was afraid of the cold frog. But the king looked angrily at her, and said, "He who helped you when in trouble must not now be despised." So she took up the frog with two fingers, and carried him up stairs. When she got into bed, instead of lifting him into it too, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, "Now, you ugly frog, there will be an end to you!"

But as he fell from the wall he was changed from a frog into a handsome prince, with beautiful eyes, who became, by her own promise and her father's consent, her dear companion and husband



"WHAT YOU PROMISED YOU MUST PERFORM."

Then he told her how he had been changed by a witch, and how no one but herself could have released him from his enchantment.

The next day as soon as the sun was up, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses with golden bridles, drove up to the palace gates. Behind it stood the faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince. This trustworthy attendant had been so grieved when his master was changed into a frog, that he had fastened three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with grief and sorrow. But now that the carriage was ready to convey the prince to his kingdom he mounted behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not gone far when the prince heard behind him a noise as if something was breaking. He turned round and cried out, "Henry, the carriage is breaking!" But Henry replied, "No, sir, it is not the carriage, but one of the bands that I bound round my heart when I thought it would have burst with grief at your being a frog at the bottom of a fountain." Twice afterwards on the journey the same noise was heard, and both times the prince thought something about the carriage was giving way, but it was only the bands which bound the heart of the faithful Henry breaking out of joy that the Frog-prince was a frog no longer.